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Land of the Bad



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Chapter 1 by Keenan Lucado

Every one is bad.

Chapter 2 by SaintSayaka



I cannot trust.

I cannot relax.

I cannot close my eyes for even a minute.

The people here are after me, and their claws will not stop reaching for my flesh until I am well enough away from this small town.

I should have never come here.

Chapter 3 by SaintSayaka



I fling another flaming bottle of John's liquor into the crowd, and it explodes into a flash of light that takes out the mailbox in front of the General Store. I had berated my boyfriend for bringing something so flagrantly illegal in his car - we were barely eighteen, and his car barely off of the lot his parents had bought it new from. Why take the risk?

He was dead now, so he probably didn't mind much. He was always bit of a bastard.

The townsfolk are undeterred, and swarm forward all the same. I can see how the moonlight changes them.

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